LONDON
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The partial formation of an NCO

An introduction followed by thirty-six Cantos

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A one who claims to toil with words as work

A one who claims to toil with words as work
 should learn to use their tool of choice, their brain,
 and though such ones may slip, again, again,
were they to court success, they must not shirk.
It seems reduced to an outlying kirk
 this art of verse, so often held in vain,
 and those who choose prostrate themselves but chain
their souls to rocks which numb, whilst viewers smirk.
 There's some whose disability is scant
  can follow Comus, then by day be dry.
   But there's one lesson others need to learn,
 to only take the boons which Muses grant.
  The latter of these two, they must be sly,
   and warnings take which are both wise and stern.

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Where find those few who do not bow

Where find those few who do not bow,
who'd not relinquish ev'ry vow,
when granted Rupee or the Rand,
and soon ignore all lines in sand?
Is Mammon's temple raised on Earth,
can there be found another worth,
what thought unites this century
but dreams of money or a fee?
There's some with morals, lose their hope,
may find themselves with but one trope,
and looking back, not to the fore,
just dream the dream of those before.
Some heroes wait for better times,

perhaps chastised for other's crimes,
receiving blow on blow from fate,
their time is passed, it is too late.
Who's vanguard of the here and now,
with drops of sweat upon their brow?
These scattered souls, they do exist,
the clear ideàl, it does persist.
One puts one's faith in ardent youth
across the Globe deserving ruth,
scattered o’er Globe — grains of sand
preferring football to mind’s stand.

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There is no dream which can be dreamt

There is no dream which can be dreamt
by men in suits or those unkempt
which cannot reach reality
when shared by the majority.
Although there are two Worlds in one,
where some have rights and some have none,
the First grants use of pen and ink
and does permit its subjects think.
The task — to sell utopia
to those who know dystopia,
to see the progress that's been made
and wish for more — improve the grade.
Association seems the key,
a Union in democracy;
a strength of purpose arm in arm
defends itself and all from harm.
We have not reached the record low
from whence no hope or gain can flow;
the rich’s ego's lead the race
but still there's powér in the base.
When any counter-strand or thread
has been pronounced as gone or dead,
it has been said to that applies
— long live that braid, it never dies.

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If glancing round, this World is wild

If glancing round, this World is wild,
choose not to kill your inner child,
find what is good within your sight,
create a garden of delight.
The opposite, to learn from ill
and let no deed your cold blood chill;
rehearse the seven deadly sins,
as climbing greasy pole begins.
So often on detecting wiles
the bankrupt man, he apes, then smiles,
akin to playing Death at chess,
the Master more, the World has less.
And so it is with language games
which hold the World within their frames;
the English English labyrinth
so chains each Nation on its plinth.
The multiplex of inference;
the art of sitting on the fence;
the innuendo's biting dart;
the saying nothing off by heart.
One tries to say this crystal clear,
open accusations, no smear;
against such filth one can't defend,
they soil, smear, anything to bend.

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Each time i count myself as last

One time i counted self as last
I met a one who has surpassed
each woe of mine with ten of theirs
and made of mine but idle cares.
Some cannot grasp such folk exist
who still the Evil One resist
and live on levels hid from sight
experiencing blight on blight.
The rich man sees them on the street
but would not dare their eye to meet;
conceptual blindness is his ill,

from luxury he takes his fill.
He does not see his riches cause
and must require division's laws,
to cast some low to make his highs;
their deficit is no surprise.
So next you see one fallen low
remember riches ebb & flow;
no human soul can tell their fate
as poverty grows at such rate.
Show pity: count no soul as lost,
for if you do, yours is the cost;
it could be you and yours you let
slip through the threadbare safety net.

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I wonder where sweet truth is spent

I wonder where sweet truth is spent
as lies pour forth from ev'ry vent;
the Internet provides no news
and but elects upon a ruse.
The art of checks and balances
although it but served finances
was never bent to just one man
whose whim and lust the World seem span.
For less, those past have been impeached,
why is it now they can't be reached?
The State, with its machinery
seems held in perpetuity.
Regardless of who warped your voice
the ballot papers heard your choice;
your will invested in mandate,
it could be said you've chosen fate.
But there's a vanguard formed of those
who speed towards what does oppose,
and when the heights are filled with cant
they don't retreat, they don't recant.
And so as more does some oppress,
the struggle grows, does not get less;
sweet truth, the will of Nations found
whom none can crush into the ground.

[On President Trump’s first incumbency — things have changed]

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When hope is fled, or flown away

When hope is fled, or flown away,
the night will bring another day;
no matter how intense the dark
a morning ray will make its mark.
Do not fall foul of rank despair
from which the soul knows no repair,
for if you choose to shut out light
you then can know of no delight.
The lessers of our sun, the stars,
whose light & fixture darkness bars
appear by night, can still be spied,
and with the lunar cycle guide.
Fear not — the sun will rise again
and make itself beknown to men;
step bold & brave into the night
for black itself can lead aright.
There are still some who prophesy,
foretell a change within the sky,
mark well their words of phantasy,
you may be blind, whilst they can see.
Since time began in distant age
there have been some both wise and sage;
choose to ignore them at your cost,
they may have found what you have lost.

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Where stems this churlish brood uncouth

Where stems this churlish brood uncouth
that outside gain knows of no truth?
Who will, before the World gets worse,
tell them the shroud can hold no purse?
Turn cash to ash, and lust to dust,
the call of death remains a must;
no matter how they worm or try

their end must come & they must die.
The Midas touch, a curse all told,
for fame there's some have freedom sold;
as birds inside their gilded cage
need guard themselves from mob rampage.
But then to what the mind creates
and that which drives some Nation States;
and then to creativity
which frees the mind & makes some see.
Such legacy is better far
than to amass without a par
and leaves humanity a boon
that won't be overpassed so soon.
But then accept your sins and wrongs
which call to hell — stoke hellfire's tongs
morality results from this
the LORD decides — eternal bliss?

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Have we traversed a cul-de-sac

Have we traversed a cul-de-sac
so far there is no turning back?
Each liberty devolved to State.
What can we grasp? Is it too late?
All acts are caught — CCTV —
all phones have ears — The Force that be —
the rich — carte blanche to misbehave —
those less well off are left to crave.
This can be found on England's shores
with rights and justice turned to whores;
one hopes the World won't imitate
this damning of a once proud fate.
But could it be this is deserved
by acts which contradict The Word,
and have our standards of the deed
declined so far there is a need?
But no, one would hypothesize
that were the scales to fall from eyes
this Nation were upright, if free,
and saved from inequality.
The mace encourages the sword;

disgruntled servants made by lord;
so, if you rob a man of rights,
expect no garden of delights.

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When looking back, pray not to change

When looking back, pray not to change,
don't dream the past to rearrange;
we only know of what we've seen,
can only alter what's not been.
Admit your fault, when it was there,
apportion blame, so it is fair;
attempt, where right, to make amends
no matter how your pride it rends.
For pride, it came before the fall,
and still the Angels does appal;
know that you can be wrong or right
and aim to exorcize your blight.
This does not preach humility
but ways to banish jealousy,
and how to rid your life of hate
and cease to be today's ingrate.
The chains that bind the common soul
are forged by myths that do control
such states of mind & attitudes,
that make of envies platitudes.
So put in place morality
abolish your perversity;
look in the mirror of the past
and learn to love yourself at last.

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If we were wise when we were born

If we were wise when we were born
the Devil of his cloak were shorn;
proud youth might set this World to rights,
Utopia were in our sights.
One might not need to sell one's soul

to save oneself from bitter dole,
one might not need to tread the way
that current modes have made mainstay.
Mankind is ev’rywhere in chains
in spite of what the rich man feigns;
but famous artists, they roam free,
engaging all society.
But wisdom knows a motive part,
the springs and passions of the heart;
if they are black, then they are right
— why are you wrong if you are white?.
Without committal to the truth
one's reasons are devoid of ruth;
so, if division is your aim,
those dispossessed reject your claim.
You have divided England's might,
you do denude these shores of light;
one cannot help but prophesy,
but on the air to walk you try.

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One marks a pattern of disease

One marks a pattern of disease
in this a World where men but seize,
and if they have not clasped with might
they dream to do so day & night.
The common earth, a treasury,
is parcelled out as property;
no sooner is a profit known
than someone, somewhere, seeks to own.
It seems that man is but adroit
within a remit to exploit;
the word for lack of growth - stagnate -
this lust for increase must abate.
The love of money is the sin
that does explain this state we're in;
is there a vaccine for this ill
and would it be a bitter pill?
But on our side, the Graces three,
remain, Faith, Hope, & Charity;
and always in the darkest night

will new solutions come to light.
A change must come, & come it must,
before this World is turned to dust;
four horsemen of Apocalypse,
they have the bits at their steeds lips.

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Does our modernity ringfence

Does our modernity ringfence
and shelter from experience?
The other side seems seldom trod,
our ways ignore the use of rod.
What happened to egalité?
Where can we find fraternity?
What bonds still tie the common soul
and make of each a righteous whole?
The sum is greater than the parts,
community a love imparts;
a fraction that cannot adjoin
no common currency can coîn.
There is a place where people meet
which still most know - it's called the street;
each one who treads has rights & modes,
there is sweet overlap of nodes.
In many ways, pedestrian,
and too, egalitarian;
the pace is slow and marked with feet,
each step may follow, most discreet.
A haven from the walls that close
inspiring poetry and prose;
if public, private, overlap,
we choose the former as our sap.

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One need not delve in ancient lore

One need not delve in ancient lore
to find the reasons some abhor
the machinations of the State

and lay such bare with mindful weight.
Such authors paint a picture bleak
but they are still allowed to speak;
there's some hold tenure in free lands
and firm they stand in sinking sands.
They form the forging of dissent,
may try authority to dent;
they choose from facts to make their case
and countercurrents do embrace.
But do not overestimate
complexities of modern fate;
we must distinguish wrong from right,
and retribution must have might.
There is some weal in what restrains,
such Agencies make good of pains;
we must take note of gain and loss,
not yet reduced to pure Chaos.
But Justice, she must not be bound,
nor her ears plugged from plaintiff sound,
for she will turn her rampant sword
upon those base and untoward.

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Society, a mammoth beast

Society, a mammoth beast,
and man's attempt has never ceased
to chain and fetter its great powèr
so those above may pluck its flowèr.
In diff’rent ages throughout time,
in diff’rent lands, in diff’rent clime,
with variants of the same blow
those at the base, they've been forced low.
The Powèr Elite holds reins of State,
and too, the whip seems used of late,
and only those who fit their mold
can gain, with their allegiance sold.
Where gone the plans, & whom still fight
(uniting both the left and right)
for streamlined, smaller, government
with more for all when less is spent?
Is there a way such could be tried?

The UK — IMF did chide —
and too, Moody's, Standard & Poor
might raise the rates and close the door.
The right to vote, though little gives,
is but for representatives;
one fears until we have recall
society won't change at all.

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There's some seek wisdom from the past

There's some seek wisdom from the past,
in retrospection, minds do cast.
But might one look the other way?
Could England’s past, appraise today?
Our modes and fashions, how they've changed,
but is our life just rearranged?
The Peer, and Lady of the Night
continue meeting out of sight.
And if they're caught, the gutter press
delight in states of their undress.
It's one step forwards, one step back,
the yacht of state its way does tack.
But with statistics on your side,
ignoring headlines, there's a tide;
beneath the surface you might see
increasing inequality.
The rich have more, the poor have less;
this fact, not open to caress.
Is there arriving, breaking point?
How far can we wage slaves disjoint?
One leaves it to the Powèrs that Be
to tinker with society.
Perhaps the case, in second life,
they reap what's sown, and that is strife.

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There are two schools of pen & ink

England — two schools of pen & ink,

one teaches how, one what to think:
the how the rights of class instil;
the what it works through rod & drill.
The State, in trying to create
such minds that bear no distillate
might just as well lobotomize
and too such offspring stigmatize.
The aim, it seems but to produce
a rank & file who can't deduce;
a swelling mass of prejudice
who on their own plant Judas kiss.
What happened to theories bold?
Association crushed and sold.
It's true that some put up a fight,
with what panache, & with what might.
Our Government has known two trends,
and neither have produced claimed ends.
If kettle makes the water cold,
discard, & start again, all told!
To organise without control,
is for the workhorse, not the foal.
Abstain, & build a solid base,
before you're outlawed with no trace.

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Empiricism is the mode

Empiricism is the mode
that should this century decode;
its span is vast, its might is true,
it should prevent a further slew.
But, within living memory,
a crisis, UK Banks at sea;
and still we suffer from results,
such system, common man insults.
To borrow seems the stimulus;
can we progress, junk bonds as thus?
Our cars are leased, lack ownership,
our mortgage lasts 'till death we sip.
With int’rest rates a hollow treat
the same again we but repeat.
The meat is not how reap such trends

but when the last depression ends.
Our State, it claims to balance books,
but check the sums, & cast your looks.
Our credit rating knows downgrade,
at increased rates the lender paid.
The IMF does disagree
with England's stark Austerity.
The policy is said to ease;
one marks but more & more disease.

+----------+

It seems we need to stretch our mind

It seems we need to stretch our mind
in order new Pathways to find;
we need conduct Experiment
to halt this perilous Descent.
What short of Psychopharmaca
and trends of modern media
have we to lead in disarray
responding to what Powèr does say?
Can consciousness be so Hidebound
that in response it makes no sound?
Can opposition be so meek
that of its own demise does reek?
De Quincey wrote it fair & true,
one hears you ask 'I know not who?'
he spoke of Dreams both wild and bold
and to his Opiates was sold.
For ev’ry drug, there is a type,
ignore the ban, ignore the hype,
go forth and sail the Seven Seas
whilst you still can, & if you please.
Stick to the law, gain culture’s tick.
Alcohol's an anesthetic:
in foul excess catch dying breath,
fifth stage of this process is death.

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The task which faces each & all

The task which faces each & all,
and at which hurdle many fall,
to find Vocation in this World
when obstacles to this are hurled.
An Employer or Employee;
a Tradesman or a Trade's trainee;
Profession taking years to learn;
each more than just a way to earn.
It's said that work is life's prime want
and once baptized at its sweet font
how bitter if one's left behind,
how soúr unemployment find.
Were England's wealth not grasped, but shared,
a full employment might be aired
as Governmental policy
outside the realms of fantasy.
But Parliament knows Oligarchs
regardless of what color marks
their badge, which ties them to the Whip;
in Mammon's service, scarce a blip.
The weight of Human tragedy,
the ruined life, the hapless plea,
the loss of health, the hopeless death;
England's State reigns don't share their breath.

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Then, Marx & Engels used to see

Then, Marx & Engels used to see
three Grades in our Society;
the Upper, Middle, Working Class;
they may have missed the Underclass.
It's said there's honesty 'mongst thieves
and to this adage Powér cleaves;
for some there is no other way,
from Birth it is their sole mainstay.
Cast your aspersions, as you will,
such folk exist, and prosper still;
England has forced some Underground,
by Law, or Lawlessness, they're bound.
It is not what you know, but who,

and then to those you must stay True;
the razor sharpened by the strop,
applies to base, & to the top.
At apogee & too nadir
one sees a might which one should fear;
uniting, were it ethical,
enlivens dialectical.
To make progress, one needs to bind,
and a security to find,
a shielding from apostasy,
no matter where one finds one's lee.

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Divide & Conquer is the rule

Divide & Conquer is the rule
that makes the Populace a fool.
Where finds one Solidarity
which to new vistas holds the key?
With Brothers, Sisters, side by side,
so few the times that it's been tried;
the tides decay to us & them
and more division thus does stem.
The Universal is the aim,
and only this success can claim;
a better life for all, not some,
the Parts so fused to increase Sum.
But those for whom the System works
believe in such a danger lurks;
they will not lose the reins of State
and damn the most to sorry Fate.
Where should one search for devotees?
Those at the Base, or Apogees?
The latter, if converted true,
they have the Means to see it through.
Beware the formers' blunt foment,
there's danger in an Anger pent;
it seems they won't, the Black & Red,
give life in place of dreams that fled.

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One knows not where to seek or find

One knows not where to seek or find
the fodder for an honest Mind.
A System for the each & all
that at Life's hurdles will not fall.
The World, abreast with Egoists,
the Press, composed by Egotists.
Each isolates in their own shell
creating an anomic Hell
for those who can't conform or fit
or in the selfish weave won't knit.
One wonders how such social mix
can blind itself, & get its kicks.
So blinkers cover such folk's eyes,
they do not hear the poor one's cries,
they will not help the destitute,
they to each other prostitute.
But search in places hid from sight
where least you would expect delight,
you may find Angels without wings
whom at the Devil cast their slings;
possessed of Charity and Grace,
dispensing Hope from their sweet face;
what makes them great, a mystèry,
but search the base & you might see.

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One listens to the News today

One listens to the News today,
but what did it say yesterday?
A million words pour forth at will,
but where's the sense that they instil?
Each day each daily has a scoop
and sticks fast to its sordid loop;
so be the bias left or right
this propaganda is a blight.
The middle class yearn to opine
and if they do, think all is fine;
a paper with a memory

(the Rich need know) is the FT.
Of what remains, the Tabloid Press,
it needs not sages to impress
you choose your flavor of abuse
and put your senses in a noose.
But few & far between are those
upon whom strictures don't impose,
and such can read between the lines
identifying true designs.
So when you meet them, pay them heed,
and at their font of knowledge feed;
such folk have nous, & you will find
to talk with them enriches mind.

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The Apex of society

The Apex of society
possess cohesion, bask in lee,
whilst those below factionate,
ground down by iron heel of State.
Those that belong to Powèr Elite
in Mammon's dance scarce miss a beat,
all well if Trickle Down succeeds
but when this fails, to Chaos leads.
It was the case lifespan increased
but now the rich are predeceased
not by the pauper's Martyrdom
but rank & file of this Kingdom.
The age at which one's called & sent,
once marker of development,
has now begun to retrogress.
Could one say more? Could one say less?
Those at the top quaff all in one
and lick the rim before it's done;
those at the base in disarray
impale themselves, are willing prey.
It was once said, needs no more stress,
the common man's false consciousness
of some fresh air could do with breath
for what now faces him is death.

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Oùr Science can't account for all

Oùr Science can't account for all
where many rise & many fall;
there is some Magic in this space
which is so named the human race.
The Priest, when trained in Mystèry,
ignoring inclusivity
possesses Powèr to turn at will
creating Benefice or Ill.
One needs to meet the Black & White
evaluating things aright
and make a Blessing or a Curse,
whichever will not turn for worse.
So sell your soul for what it's worth
and gain advantage on this earth;
condemn to Hell where they belong
so dragging self for doing wrong.
Some pray, the White, it will succeed —
your Slavery to them — good deed,
but then again one needs to meet;
they are so few, & are so fleet.
One tells you, exercise free will,
for this is granted to you still;
one speaks of Voodoo, that is clear,
there's other Faiths that some hold dear.

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We need not pray with fervent might

We need not pray with fervent might
that God above may lead us right;
there is a plan for each & all,
however great, however small.
The babe in arms ripped from this Earth,
those families who know a dearth,
perhaps the case that each should fight
against the force that makes their plight.
Do not forget, we have a choice,

and God has granted us a voice,
we need not suffer silently,
to do as such may lessen plea.
For it is said we'll rise again,
it is not if, but it is when,
and God will reckon with our fate
however long we need to wait.
Oùr actions will be weighed in scales
against what's pure & never fails
and all we've done & ev’ry deed,
it will require a motive need.
So live your life & fear the LORD
for when revealed He'll wield his sword
and nothing you may do or say
can alter that of Judgement Day.

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One cannot help but paraphrase

One cannot help but paraphrase;
what's said before does but amaze.
Are there new thoughts since Pericles?
Can we not see the wood for trees?
A mighty God's a living man;
such thought is filled with pure élan
and will reverberate through time
with both a reason & a rhyme.
So then we ask, from rocking berth,
is there a place upon this Earth
for a poor sinner who has hurt
all of mankind (has blood on shirt)
in an attempt to but be true
to his beliefs as grown & grew?
There’s those respond affirmative
but were one pushed to make a guess
one would respond with negative,
unless a penitence redress.
The Black, it comes before the Red,
it's definite we will be dead.
So save us from oúr misery,
and whilst we fight for liberty,
impale us on a wooden cross

and glory us like Spartacus.

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The isolation is complete

The isolation is complete,
the Law requires us be discreet;
the Manifesto is not writ
as Forces, they would seize on it.
The Cell, it is composed of one,
and never 'till the last fight's won
will me who battles compromise
or lose the sight of that great Prize.
In thirty six to thirty nine
(forgive the past, but we still pine)
the Revolution took a stand
against the World & its whole band.
And now we must not organize
for fear the State takes out our eyes
and so we bond with none at all
and hope that some will bear oúr pall.
The loneliness, it is so base,
but it is forced upon oùr case,
the Apex of society
so terrified — I can't be free.
It's not illegal to but dream
but nowadays it would so seem
to share that dream & have a plan
makes Prison doors to close — and can.

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Perhaps naïve hypothesis

Perhaps naïve hypothesis
but stranger thoughts have led to bliss,
a venture into waters strange
may harness needed winds of change.
The middle ground has held the sway
for centuries beyond a day,
tradition stifles England's reign,

we drive in line & stick to lane.
But could it be the range of views
is not a line as spectrum's hues
but is a circle, curved and round,
which meets above? Might one expound?
Could Left & Right unite and fight
and clinch a unison of might?
The Libertarian so named
might win the Prize forever famed.
Refashioning Society
so Citizens, they could be free.
Pipe dream or only path to tread?
By new ideàs we should be led.
Excuse if this beyond the pale
but it's for sure that we will fail
if we continue in oùr path
inspiring only others' wrath.

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Oúlr social bonds, they know of course

Oúr social bonds, they know of course,
a joining & cohesive force,
to one another we are tied,
but what of that that's not been tried?
We are caught up in warp & weave
and think Society to cleave
but could we stick to what's a boon
and pipe an ancient, sacred tune?
The tension in that which we know
is not a current, or a flow,
for if we counter that in life
it only leads to rage and strife.
We must work for, & not against,
the way Society is tensed,
for there will come another day
as sure as sun will send its ray.
The way in which we trade and deal
will buckle like a sheet of steel,
the stress that is applied to it
produces apoplectic fit.
So pray that you can bend the rules

and see majority for fools,
when some have stripped most of their rights
you may enjoy your days and nights.

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The SPK was not afraid

The SPK was not afraid
to bond with others, form a braid,
that brought the German State to knees
and to its nose held bunch of keys.
The same year that Niké was founded
Heidelberg the World astounded
— out of illness forge bold weapons —
activists asylum’s peons.
It's JPS who introduced
that's Sartre who was so reduced
to insult — he said wait and see
and sure enough they botched — still flee.
The Meinhof Gang was violent,
we should not vent oùr anger pent,
Jean Paul did laugh himself to death
until they took their dying breath.
They were no revolut’onaries
— experimental therapies —
one planned to write about these folk
their históry — of peace they spoke.
But Doctor Huber's still alive?
And if one had one's choice to strive
one'd choose him as Psychiatrist
and talk — put aside mace & fist.

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The books that one has delved into

The books that one has delved into
reflect research & nothing new;
one but remains a Patriot
whatever you will make of it.
The fringes of Society

ignoring use of levity
were long beneath the microscope
before one took them in one's scope.
There may be those who organize
beyond the reach of rigid ties,
this may be supposition wild
one prays with this one hasn't riled.
And so we come to Brademas,
American & with some class,
he was not riled for what he read,
but welcomed to the club instead.
One wishes for sweet Liberty
and praises work of Agency,
they represent int'rest of Land
they should not be ignored off hand.
One finds oneself no renegade
despite the fact that one's not paid,
one fears the LORD and does not trust
but sticks to what one sees as just.

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You can't mark reason, can't mark rule

You can't mark reason, can't mark rule,
this was a tale told by a fool
who had escaped the Iron Gates
and but for more Committal waits.
You cannot find a Common Thread
in what is here both spoke & said,
it bears a trace of Lunacy
and tags one with Insanity.
So if these words you so infect
you're welcome to oùr dialect;
with us, the Mad, you may so run,
and join this dialogue of one.
One asks if you know Noise & Rage
beyond the powér to assuage
and Strut & Fret upon the boards,
are driven by discordant chords.
This is the Bard whom actors act
but may have turned into a fact
whereby each actor’s idiot

and takes their cue from what is writ.
So what is it your Pimp has planned
as you to He a thrall does stand?
Whatever you so hold unto
He'll prove a lie, & rip straight through.

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One should not ask what life does give

One should not ask what life does give
but ask instead what lets you live,
when Citizens act at their best
they mark of what they can invest.
Be it a gift to Charity
or merely writing Poetry;
there's obligation to donate
to earn the supper on your plate.
The stance that one's alone & well
ignores the tide, the heave, & swell
that guides your bark through troubled times
and guards from others all your dimes.
The rules that Powér puts in place
are not without their charm & Grace
so analyze Society
and realize just why you're free.
Although one fears you do ignore
how harsh your strictures & your Law,
there may be those who are past care
and of such ones you should beware.
So please, continue in your way
and pray that none your mode will sway,
one asks you only contribute
in such a way the Graces suit.

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When certainty mutates to dread

When certainty mutates to dread,
when age of innocence is fled,
explore how deep your pocket is

which may convert a rage to bliss.
Each one of us has made mistakes,
but those who take to embers rakes
will only folk antagonize
and may as well pluck out their eyes.
The key is Generosity
that makes to work Society,
be it to those most wouldn't treat
or some poor Urchin on the Street.
When one has more than those below
it needs a Sympathetic flow
to grease the wheels that make for Peace
before you're stumped outside your crease.
From Sympathy to Empathy,
this is the call of Liberty,
to put oneself into the place
of those retiréd from the race.
One thinks you cannot understand
the rip tide when you thieves — a band —
that makes of us the Áclassé;
not lost, but never knew a way.

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